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Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. IV., GRAND OPERA—PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—"There is something classical," was the sage reflection I made to myself one evening, as I was walking up the Boulevards des Capucines—"there is something classical about the Grand Opera, of Paris. The Theatre Lyrique may be very cheap, the Opera Comique may be very comfortable, and the Italian Opera may be very brilliant; but they all lack the glory which invests the *Academie Imperiale de Musique*—the memories of "first nights" of most of the famed operas of the modern repertoire! How many great works were first produced there! That wonderful trinity of operas, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, *Huguenots*, and *Prophete*, were first heard within its walls, and was not that glory enough for one opera house? Yes, there is truly something classical about l'*Academie de Musique*." Having made this observation I felt relieved, and directed a small boy the way to Rue Richelieu, very happy to have an opportunity of showing off to some one that I was quite *au fait* as regards Paris.

Just at that moment an acquaintance came up, and said, "Bon jour," and how did I do, and I was the very one he wanted to see, and he had a spare seat, and would I go to the Opera.

So I asked what Opera. And he said the Grand Opera; and would I go, he again inquired.

Would I go? The innocence of the creature! Just as if I would say anything but "Yes" to so reasonable a request. Of course I would go.

That same evening I made my debut at the *Academie de Musique*. It is a spacious building, at the corner of Rue Pelletier and Rue Rossini,

and very near the Boulevards; and, by the way, I notice that many of the streets in this vicinity are named after different musical celebrities, such as Rue Rossini, Rue Mehul, Rue Gretry, &c. &c. The edifice was erected in the short space of a year, and was intended as a temporary concern, the previous opera house, in Rue Richelieu, having been demolished by order of government, in consequence of the assassination at its doors of the Duke de Berri, in 1820. The present provisional building, however, has stood so long, and is so well adapted for the purpose, that it is not now likely to be replaced by any other. It communicates with three streets—the Rue Lepelletier for carriages, Rue Rossini for fiacres, and Rue Drouet for persons on foot, while two passages skirted with shops also form a communication with the Boulevard Italien. The front consists of a series of arcades on the ground floor, forming a double vestibule. At each end a wing projects, and between these wings, from the top of the arcades, is a light awning, supported by cast iron pillars, beneath which carriages can drive. On the first floor is a range of nine arcades, combining the Ionic and Doric orders, which form the windows of the saloon, and the entire elevation of the front is sixty-four feet.

As you enter, a life-size figure of Rossini, in a sitting posture, is seen directly opposite the grand entrance, and a similar compliment has been paid to the great composer by the management of the *Opera Italien*. The lobby is ornamented with Doric columns, and on each side of it is a staircase leading to the first row of boxes and the saloon, while two other staircases lead to the pit and orchestra. Between the latter and the lobbies of the stage boxes are two staircases, leading to the top of the building, while the outlets are so numerous, that the house, accommodating eighteen hundred persons, may be cleared in fifteen minutes. The dimensions of the interior are sixty-six feet from side to side, with a stage forty-two feet in breadth by eighty feet in depth; this width seems even larger by the absence of drapery or anything at the sides to detract from the open space. The wall between the house and the stage rises above the roof; and in case of fire the communication between the two can be entirely cut off by an iron curtain, while ventilators can be opened to carry the flame in any direction. Reservoirs of water are placed under the roof; and, as a whole, the Grand Opera is in many respects, especially in that of safety, a model for similar buildings.

I have never seen an auditorium presenting a richer and more elegant appearance. The decorations, in the usual style of gold and red, present little of novelty; but the tiers of boxes are

most agreeably broken by two pairs of fluted Corinthian columns that rise from the floor to the ceiling. They are beautifully gilded, and their brilliancy is increased by clusters of lights. Between each couple is space for one private box for each tier (one of which is occupied by Baron Rothschild), and the proscenium boxes are arranged in the same manner. A large and splendid chandelier depends from the ceiling. There are four tiers of boxes and an amphitheatre, and every seat in the house commands a good view of the stage.

It is a Government affair, and no expense is spared in the production and mounting of operas. The vocal performers, both soloists and chorus singers, are pupils of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, and, as well as the ballet dancers, receive a pension when they leave the stage. The scenic department is perfectly unrivalled, and I presume that in no house in the world are operas got up with more care and effect, or with more ample resources.

The opera, on the evening I first attended, was Halevy's *La Juive*, its 232d representation. It is in every sense a grand opera: comprises five long acts, requires the services of a full company, offers ample scope for scenic display, and as a musical work is scientific and elaborate. It also demands performers of more than ordinary histrionic ability, the plot being exciting, and strongly tinged with the horrible; for as a finale we have the heroine, the beautiful Jewess, a martyr for the faith of her fathers, actually thrown before our eyes into a caldron of boiling oil! The chief character is that of the supposed father of the Jewess, a stern, fanatical old man, whose devotion to his religion overcomes his fondness for Rachel, *La Juive*; and he allows her to meet an awful death rather than tell the bigoted Cardinal who condemns her to death, that she is his (the Cardinal's) daughter. This character, intended for a tenor, was superbly given by GUEYMARD, a noble actor and a glorious dramatic singer, while the equally arduous rôle of Rachel was taken by Mme. LAFON, another splendid dramatic singer. The character, however, allows her little opportunity to exhibit her vocal powers, and the interest of the opera concentrates too much upon the old Jew, her pretended father.

In this opera, which is generally allowed to be Halevy's masterpiece, the composer appears to be constantly struggling for melody, and only occasionally obtaining it. Once in a while he seems really inspired with genius, and some parts of the opera stand in glorious contrast to the general heaviness of the work. Of these I particularly remember a remarkable scene representing a Jewish religious ceremony, in which

the old Jew sings an adagio movement as he blesses the bread, while the chorus respond; an air for tenor: *Ma fille chérie*; another grand scena and aria for tenor in the fourth act; and, above all, a magnificent trio, in which the Jew and Jewess anathematize the Christian lover of the latter, who had pretended to have been of the same religion as themselves, and whose deceit they had just discovered.

The magnificent manner in which this opera is placed on the stage is undoubtedly one chief reason why it has been played here two hundred and thirty-two times. The opening scene is particularly striking, representing an open square in some continental town, with two streets branching off in different directions. To the right are the steps leading to some old Minster, while you can see that

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The Cathedral door above.

At the close of the act occurs a grand ecclesiastical procession, in which appear priests, cardinals, choristers, &c., with banners and other emblems peculiar to Roman Catholic displays, and the rear is brought up by a number of mounted cavalry, on noble steeds, who defile up one street, and disappear down the other. There was quite a sensation at the New York Academy of Music, when, in *Masaniello*, the hero rode upon the stage on a rampant steed—(how awkward and uncomfortable poor Brignoli did look!)—but what would they think there of a procession of over a score of noble chargers?

The foyer of the Grand Opera is 186 feet long, extending through the entire length of the building, and is one of the finest in Paris. It is adorned with a bronze statue of Mercury, inventing the lyre, cast from a model by Daret, the original of which was destroyed by the mob in the Palais Royal, during the Revolution of 1848.

The *claqueurs* are exceedingly numerous in this theatre, and I had an opportunity of gaining some information regarding them. They probably number from fifty to a hundred, and occupy seats in the parterre, very nearly under the central chandelier, where they applaud at the signal of their director, who sits in another part of the house. Any one can be a *claqueur*, and the *claque* is composed of a different set of people every night. If you want to be a *claqueur*, you must go to the *café* where they meet before the performance, and a ticket will be given you which will admit you to the parterre on payment of a franc—one quarter the regular price. At most of the theatres, the *claqueurs* are admitted freely; but for the Grand Opera there are plenty of people—generally poor students—who are willing to pay a franc for the privilege of listening to a good opera, though probably they could not afford to pay any more. Of course, it is not considered quite respectable to join the *claque*, though it must be confessed they were a very intelligent-looking set of people, and applauded in excellent taste, and always at the right time, but with a monotonous, heartless clap in unison, *à la machine*. The audience generally seem disposed to look upon the *claque* as a convenience; for, as my companion said, "they are much more familiar with the operas than we; their leader is a man of excellent taste; they always applaud at the proper place; and, in short, save other people much trouble and kid gloves." (Whether this was meant as a stab at me, for

having neglected to wear kid gloves, I cannot to this moment decide.)

The performances take place every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. The troupe at present includes Mme. WERTHEIMER, Mme. LAFON, and Mme. BORGHI-MAMO, as prima donnas, ROGER and GUEYMARD, as first tenors, and one BELVAL, an excellent singer, as principal basso. Any lyric vocalist may be proud of being connected with the Académie de Musique of Paris, for it may undoubtedly be considered as affording the highest development of the Lyric-dramatic art.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 15.—Our musical horizon grows brighter and brighter, and ere long the clouds which the panic had heaped upon it will be quite dispersed. Last week a Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON introduced herself to the public in a miscellaneous concert, with the assistance of an orchestra under Mr. EISFELD's direction, and several of the singers of the Opera. Those who, like myself, had never noticed the name in European musical annals, and went with little expectation of anything good, were very agreeably disappointed. The debutante played a concerto of Lüttolf and Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*, with orchestral accompaniment, and Liszt's *Patienceurs*, from the *Prophète*. Mme. Johnson has an unusual degree of power for a woman, and at the same time great delicacy and fluency of execution. In point of clearness, she was not always faultless; but this may have been caused by the nervousness almost inevitable in a lady's first appearance before a public new to her. She played with much expression, too, and, what is more, showed artistic feeling in choosing two of her pieces, at least, for their musical worth, and not merely for the purpose of showing off her mechanical powers. In the concerto by Lüttolf particularly, a very original and striking work, the orchestra plays an equally important part with the piano, and the handling of the latter requires much more of taste than finger-skill. All who heard Mme. Johnson on that evening must be glad to hear that she will be the pianist at Eisfeld's first *Soirée*, which is at last fixed to take place on the 29th inst.

On Thursday next we are to have, according to all promises, a real feast. The "Creation" is announced to be given at the Academy, with Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss MILNER, and Messrs. FORMES and PERRING in the solo parts, and the Harmonic Society (which can sing very well if it will) for the chorusses. Of the three last-named artists, we can be pretty sure that they will be good. With Lagrange it will be, I believe, her first attempt in Oratorio, at least with the English language. I fear the tremolo in her voice will be far more offensive there than in Opera. Still, there is a certain earnestness in all that she does, which makes one indulgent to her deficiencies. And when we hear that she supports her father, husband, and child, with another little girl (of poor German parentage), whom she has adopted, to bring up with her daughter, by her exertions; how she sang, last Spring, four evenings in succession, after packing all day for her journey to Havana; how she does "whatsoever her hand findeth to do" for her needy Art-brethren and sisters, and remains always the refined lady, untainted by any of the evil influences of a theatrical life, we cannot but admire and esteem

the artist in her as well as the woman, and wish her success in both capacities.

Robert le Diable was withdrawn last week, after four or five representations, and after one performance of *Traviata*, with the old singers, to a cold audience. *Martha* was given on Saturday, and repeated last night, to crowded houses. This lively, pretty little opera was exceedingly well performed. Herr FORMES, for whom the part of Plunkett was originally written, looked, acted, and sang the character to perfection. Indeed, it was universally remarked that he evidently felt more at home in it, and in the German language, than in Bertram (splendid as he made that), and in the Italian. He appears next (to-night) in *Puritani*, while on Friday there is to be a *matinée*, with *Norma*, in which Formes takes no part.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic gave their second concert last Saturday, with Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony, the overtures to the *Freischütz*, and the *Naiades* by Sterndale Bennett, BURKE, and HOFFMAN, and Mlle. CAIROLI as soloists. These concerts are very well attended, and it is a pity that the hall is no larger, and not well adapted for acoustic purposes.

So much for Music; and now I must say a word for her sister Arts, Poetry and Painting, which are quite as well represented before us just at present. A fit minister of the former is sojourning among us in the person of Mrs. KEMBLE, who commenced last week a course of twelve Shakespearian Readings. She has, so far, read *Cymbeline*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Othello*. To-night we have *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the remaining two announced for this week are the *Tempest* and *Coriolanus*. It is a great drawback for holders of season tickets that these readings come so often: three evenings and one morning in each week. One would enjoy them more were there greater intervals between them, and other engagements must necessarily interfere with them. The room in which Mrs. Kemble reads is well arranged for hearing and seeing, but small, and always crowded, and the light very dim, and exceedingly trying to the eyes. She is indeed a woman of wonderful talent and power; but whether these are not at times misapplied, is another question. I will not now, however, enter into a detailed critique of her readings, or rather *actings*,—for they are more the latter than the former,—but wait until the end of her course, when I can give a better resumé of my impressions.

DEC. 16TH.—Since writing the above remarks on the Opera, I have learned that because of severe indisposition on the part of Mr. Formes, *Lucrezia* was given instead of *Martha* on Monday, and *Trovatore* substituted for *Puritani* last night. I hope his illness will not last till Thursday, and deprive us of the pleasure of hearing him in the "Creation."

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PITTSFIELD, MASS., DEC. 22.—The closing *soirée* of another term of our Mendelssohn Institute took place last evening before a select audience. The programme, as usual, was of a mixed nature, containing some of the classic compositions of the old masters, such as Sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Clementi, a brilliant Rondo for four hands by Kuhlau, and a most beautiful transcription of *La Serenade*, also for four hands,

by Bertini. For the vocal part, one of Mendelssohn's Two-part Songs, Abt's "When the swallows homeward fly," the charming sacred melody, "Come unto me," by Topliff, and a pretty chorus by some modern author. Lastly, though not least pleasing to the hearers, was performed the Overture to *Fra Diavolo*, for six hands, upon the fine Grand Piano, which spoke well for the noble depth of tone of the instrument as well as for the correct time of the players. Though perhaps the performances were not generally as brilliant as those of large concert rooms, they gave ample evidence of thorough instruction received, of purity of style and execution imparted, and of the earnest endeavor on the part of the Principal of the Institute, Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, to instil a true love for the beautiful and refined in musical art, and to countenance none but pure and elevating classes of composition.

ANDANTE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Playing vs. hearing Music.

There is no popular art or science about which so many and such gross misconceptions are entertained as about Music. In an extract from the biography of a certain female writer, which lately appeared in one of the daily papers, it was said that this writer counted it among her merits to have dissuaded an English princess from learning Music, on the ground that the latter's position and means would allow her to hear the best performers, which was better than playing herself.

Strange, that every one who can wield the pen believes himself competent to be a judge in musical matters! To dissuade princes from cultivating a noble art is a great mistake; for who can do more towards raising its standard than just they? and how, if they have not studied it, shall they acquire that taste and knowledge which alone can enable them to effect, with the vast means at their command, the highest and noblest? But in the present case the art and artists may easily comfort themselves for the loss of the said princess, since, had she possessed talent of the right sort, no one would have been capable to convince her that hearing music is better than playing. We have mentioned this instance merely, as it contains an erroneous opinion, common, more or less, among unmusical people, which we would like to correct. Not to speak of the immeasurably great influence which the study of Music exercises in developing the mind, the intellect, in short the whole man, it is a fact, which all true musicians will confirm, that the performer experiences a far higher enjoyment than his audience. To be sure, the learning of a fine thing is always connected with pains, and Music forms no exception. Sitting down at the instrument to practise dry finger or hand exercises for hours is not so pleasant a sensation as to sit down at a cheerfully smoking supper table after some hours' skating. But after a moderate degree of execution is reached, and a presentiment of the infinite beauties of the Art begins to dawn, what student does not rejoice at having persevered? and who would exchange, could it be done, the amount of skill, thus gained, for hearing even angels sing or play? What piano-forte player has forgotten the gratification it gave him to play a favorite piece to a sympathizing friend, or the high pleasure experienced in studying Beethoven's Sonatas, Bach's Preludes and Fugues, Mendelssohn's Songs

without Words, &c.? And now, when by continual striving he has finally attained to mastery; when he conquers even the greatest difficulties with ease and grace, and by his expressive delivery "rules the hearts" of thousands listening to him; when the world looks upon him with pride and admiration, and every one is eager to pay homage to his skill and genius, what master is there who could renounce his art for all the riches of the world?

Again, does it count for nothing to have learned to take part in the performance of a grand chorus or symphony?—to shout, in company with hundreds of equally enthusiastic singers, "Hallelujah, hallelujah!"?—or to strike out the powerful strains of Beethoven's glorious Fifth?

Farther, in all kinds of so-called Chamber Music, more particularly in quartets or quintets for stringed instruments, it is always the performers who have the higher pleasure, not the listeners. The writer of this article has known musicians and amateurs who played quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, from early in the evening until midnight with undiminished enjoyment; whereas he has never met one, either musician, amateur, or layman, who, after listening to perhaps three of those compositions, was not happy to escape the fourth.

These facts would suffice to show clearly that the enjoyment of hearing music, great as it may be, can never equal that of playing one's self; but the main point remains yet to be mentioned.

Music is a language in tones; like the language in words, it has its grammar, its literature, and its history. A good piece of music is to the musician what a fine poem is to the literary or cultivated man: it makes him feel and think; it affects and influences him, and gives his mind a certain impulse to what is higher and better. How, then, if you have not studied this language, will you comprehend and appreciate the beautiful, the grand poems written in it? The deeper and fuller their contents, the less you will be able to understand and enjoy them; you will hear nothing but a mass of mere sounds. Of course, where these sounds pass cheerfully and pleasantly by, one taking the lead, the rest following precisely its track, as is generally the case in light music, you will have some pleasure in the tickling of your ears, or the pleasant feeling that animates your feet; but where they go one this, the other that way; one up, the other down; one screaming, the other lamenting, the third murmuring, the fourth soothing as it were, now and then only uniting all together in one harmony, or suffering one of their members to rule the rest as principal, as is frequently the case in the highest kind of music, you will think it all a confusion, shut your ears at the discords, and say it is no music. However, you do not know what is meant by music, till you have studied it properly. Then only, and not till then, can you wholly understand the love and enthusiasm which the true musician feels for his Art. AD.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Conclusion.]

Petri (1782) remarks: "Formerly there were more bowed instruments in use than now; for example, the trumpet marine, which imitated the tones of the trumpet, but is now only used in nunneries where they have no trumpetess." "Trumpet marine (tromba marina) is played

upon, not by pressing down the string on a finger-board as in the violin, violoncello, etc., but by touching it laterally and gently with the finger, which serves as a rest or prop, in such a manner that the vibrations of the parts of the string, when struck, may pass freely to the part not touched, the sound of which will be chiefly and almost solely heard."—Principles and Power of Harmony, by Stillingfleet. 4to. London, 1771.

Now let us turn to the never-failing Mattheson. "In regard to the *sea-trumpet*, which was formerly much more used upon vessels than now, it is to be remarked, that they sometimes had two and sometimes even four strings. Such an instrument, heard from a distance, over still water, sounds like a chorus of trumpets."

Now, is there any difficulty in supposing that Castrucci had strung a violetta in this manner, and performed music upon it which sounded like a band of trumpets at a distance, and that Handel, so fond of the trumpet, concluded to try the effect? Perhaps the character of the air in *Orlando*, and the stage situation, may add probability to this suggestion.

The *sympathetic strings* which M. Schœlcher does not understand, are no longer in use, we believe, in any instrument. In old times, when the viola d'amore was the most fashionable of instruments, it was often fitted with from twelve to fourteen strings. Of these six or seven of catgut were arranged as in modern bowed instruments, and as many, fastened *under* the finger-board, ran down the instrument beneath the bridge. These were of metal, and being tuned to those above, vibrated with them and strengthened the tone. They were the sympathetic strings. In Handel's time, (see Mattheson's Orchestra,) the viola d'amore had four strings of steel or brass, and a fifth of catgut; later, according to Schilling, the five were of the latter material.

From this point onward, so far from pretending to add anything to the result of M. Schœlcher's labors, we can only thank him most heartily for the great amount of new, valuable, and interesting matter contained in his volume. We will only remark that in Mattheson's *Musica Critica*, vol. ii., is a letter from Handel, dated London, February 24th, 1719, closing thus:

"Concerning the second topic [of Mattheson's letter to him a few days previously] you can judge for yourself, that much research will be necessary, which I know not how to undertake at present on account of the pressure of business. So soon, however, as I am somewhat more at liberty, I will recall to mind the most noteworthy periods and incidents of my professional career, that I may prove to you that I have the honor," etc.

As to the plagiarisms which Mr. Macfarren has found, especially that of Handel's chorus, *And with his Stripes*, it must not be forgotten that the only works published by Bach during his lifetime, that is, until some ten years after the composition of the *Messiah*, were the following: *Klavierübung*, in three parts; *Arie*, with 30 variations; six three-voiced choral preludes for the organ; variations upon *Vom Himmel hoch*, in canon style, and the *Musical Offering* dedicated to Frederic II. If Mr. M. can find *And with his Stripes* in these, very well. The multitude of his other works, "the number of which no man knoweth," with the possible exception of Professor Dehn, of Berlin, were either published after his death or are still only to be found in manuscript.

We can not close without a reference to the noble manner in which Thibaut—the great professor of the Civil Law at Heidelberg—in his *Reinheit der Tonkunst*, more than thirty years ago, labored in the cause of Handel and his music. "Handel," says he, "was the Shakespeare of music, and well deserved to rest beside the great poet, in Westminster Abbey. Complete master of the mechanism of music, in a degree few others have attained, he shines forth in every phrase of musical culture an ever-enduring model for imitation, fresh, sparkling, and versatile, as though the highest efforts were but play. In all styles, from the merely playful and sentimental, onward to the loftiest sublime, he, with true inspiration and taste, was the creator of works most matchless.

For the grand, calm style of the church alone are his works few, because his church, and the circumstances in which he was placed, demanded them not; but that he certainly had the necessary genius and knowledge, the first chorus in *Susannah*, and the chorus, 'The earth swallowed them,' in the *Israel in Egypt*, are sufficient proof."

We have quoted but a single passage. It is, however, sufficient to show how Handel was esteemed by that great man.

Jullien's Last.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 14.)

The long-announced "*morceau de circonstance*," "The Indian Quadrille and Havelock's Triumphant March," from the pen of M. Jullien, was performed on Thursday night for the first time, in presence of a vast audience. The production of this new piece was admirably timed, the reports of the occupation of Delhi having been authenticated only the day previously, and the relief of the garrison of Lucknow from imminent danger having been received only a few hours. No wonder the performance took the semblance of a demonstration; no wonder the public was wound up to a high pitch of enthusiasm; no wonder the success of the new composition was unequivocal. M. Jullien had provided everything which skill and judgment could suggest to ensure success. Circumstances, however, which he did not anticipate, served him materially. But independently of time and occasion, the "Indian Quadrille" must have succeeded, since, in it M. Jullien has surpassed his previous efforts. To illustrate in the most forcible way possible, and swell out the pomp and circumstance of General Havelock's march on Lucknow and the relief and occupation of that city by the British forces, M. Jullien found it necessary to strengthen his hand by the addition of the drummers and fifers of three regiments of the Foot-guards—the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Coldstream Guards—together with new levies of trombone-players, cymbalists, cannon-drums, or "tom-tom," and Scottish bagpipes. Moreover, an efficient body of chorists was engaged, and, in short, nothing was left undone to give effect to the performance.

The first four figures of the new quadrille illustrate some of the customs and amusements of the Hindoos. No. 1 opens with the "Taza-bataza," or Brahmin hymn, which leads to the Military March of the Ghoorkahs, Mahrattas, and Sikhs. The latter has already been used with good effect by M. Jullien in the "Nepaulese Quadrille." The Brahmin hymn was very effective, and the employment of the Indian drum in the March was admirably characteristic. No. 2 leads off with the "Timbong-Boorong," or Bird-song, and introduces the dance of the Bayaderes, which afforded excellent opportunity for the splendid solo playing of Messrs. De Folley, Pratten, and Viotti Collins. No. 3 illustrates the "Goonong-Sahnang," or Farewell Hymn to the Mountain, and the "Tuppahs," as played and danced in the procession of the Car of Juggernaut. The melody of the "Tuppahs" is strikingly original and is sure to become a favorite. No. 4 involves the "Song of the Muezzin," or Call to Prayer, as sung from the tops of the mosques and minarets; also the *Danse Ritale* of the Dervishes, the Elephant Driver's Song, and the music and endless trill of the Snake-Charmer. This figure is graphic and peculiar, and the various airs are blended with great felicity. The performance of the Snake-Charmer's song on the oboe, by M. Lavigne, is quite wonderful. He sustains the trill for such a length of time as to puzzle the hearer as to the manner in which he renews his breath. No. 5 represents the gathering and march of Havelock's division; the assault of Delhi by another general; the capture and occupation of that city; and the triumphant acclamation of the conquerors, concluding with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." The figure commences with a burst of the whole orchestra, which seemed to shake the very walls. The Ghoorkah March is again employed, as signifying that the enemy are close at hand. The 64th and Madras fusiliers advance, and "in the rear is suddenly perceived

a cloud of dust." Overpowered by numbers, the 64th and Fusiliers are about to give way, when "presently, in the distance are heard the familiar and welcome sound of the bag-pipes; the bonnets of the Highlanders are seen through the dust, and the 78th advance with their regimental and national air, 'The Campbells are coming,' and the enemy, of course, is annihilated, though they too had their "Camels a coming." The Grand Triumphant March now succeeds. The entire orchestra bursts forth into a jubilant pæan, and while the chorus shout at the utmost power of their voices the following lines:—

Sing forth his praise!
Let us proclaim
Havelock's brave deeds,
Conquests and fame!
Sound, trumpets, drums!
Roar, cannons, roar!
Till echo's voice
Cease never more, &c.

In another part the brave troops are gathering round Delhi; the rebels begin to despair; the assault is made; the city taken; victory proclaimed. With a tremendous burst of enthusiasm the whole army breaks forth into shouts of "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen,"—although what the Navy had to do with the victory does not appear.

This *morceau* is a Jullienesque masterpiece. The animation never flags for an instant, and the shock, hurry, noise, and uproar of battle are depicted with irresistible spirit.

The reception given to the new quadrille was tremendous, and loud cries of "encore for the Triumphant March" resounded through the house. The demonstration, however, was brought to a stand-still, when M. Jullien came forward, with the evident intention of addressing the audience. Everyone felt he had something particular to communicate. "Ladies and gentlemen,"—said the *maestro*—"as we are honored this evening by the presence of Lady Havelock, the wife of the distinguished General—that British Lion who has so nobly hunted down the Bengal tiger—I am sure you will be all as delighted as I am to know that she is among us. There is Lady Havelock!" He then pointed to a box on the first tier on the Queen's side. The cheering which followed this announcement was deafening. All eyes were directed towards the box indicated by M. Jullien, and Lady Havelock with her two daughters came to the front and gracefully bowed to the multitude. The scene was intensely exciting, but M. Jullien was determined that it should become still more so. He again appealed to the audience as follows:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen! you shall join with me in three cheers for General Havelock. I will give the word, and you will all respond—'ensemble.' Now then—hip, hip, hurrah!" The scene which followed defies description. Suffice it, the acclamation and gesticulations were redoubled; and the Triumphant March was repeated and received with a perfect *furor*. Lady Havelock remained to the end, and hundreds waited without to give her a parting cheer as she left the theatre and entered her carriage.

Notes on Handel's "Messiah."

We make the following detached extracts from an analysis of the "Messiah," written for the Handel Commemoration in London, last year, by G. A. MACFARREN. They shed light on some points, not fully treated in the description that we gave last May. Particularly we would call attention to what is said of the group of choruses containing the fugue: And with his stripes, one of the most beautiful pieces in the oratorio, too commonly omitted in the performances here, the programme of this evening not excepted.

(No. 8.) REC.—For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

This is another instance of our Composer's great

power in declamatory recitative; and the Air is one of those extraordinary pieces of music in which Handel so eminently excels, which have the effect, without employing any of the trite, commonplace, and, indeed, burlesque trickery, of technical description, of raising in the mind of the hearer a grand image which, coincident and identical with his feelings, fulfils both in the Composer and his auditor the highest qualities of the ideal in art.

The almost incessant motion of quavers, the peculiar chromatic progressions of the melody, and the great prevalence of unison, are the technical characteristics of this song, and with these materials is produced an effect which one cannot hear without feeling the gloom that pervades it; and the bright burst upon the words: "have seen a great light," makes this gloom so much the gloomier.

Mozart's treatment of this song is almost the only instance throughout the Oratorio in which he has departed from what we have a right to suppose may have been the purport of Handel's intentions as to the general effect. Such departure consists in the addition of harmony to what was originally unisonous, not in the modernization of the character, since the chromatic progressions of Handel are modern as yesterday, and will retain their present seeming novelty to the end of time. This he has done, however, with such consummate genius, such masterly skill, and such exquisite effect, that even Handel would pardon him the aberration from the original idea for the sake of the lustre that is thus thrown upon it.

(10.) PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

REC.—There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

The introduction of this instrumental movement is a great stroke of art, for it forms a most graceful repose after the powerful excitement of the previous chorus, and a most appropriate preparation for the scene of the watching shepherds that succeeds it. It forms, also, a necessary break in the conduct of the subject, to divide the prophecies from the advent of the Messiah.

There is a further purport in the present movement, which has been lately, by means of the researches of Dr. Rimbault, explained. The custom of the Pifferari, or pipers, from among the Calabrian peasantry to celebrate the period of Christmas by a mendicant pilgrimage to Rome, where, before the principal shrines, some sing, while others accompany them upon their pipes, a hymn in honor of the Nativity, is well known, and has been made familiar by Wilkie's picture; this custom has prevailed from the earliest Christian ages, and the melody which they sing is supposed to be of still remoter antiquity; it is to be found in a manuscript collection of hymns, transcribed in 1830, and is as follows:



Upon this melody is constructed the Pastoral Symphony, and its appropriation to this purpose is shown to have been designed by Handel's having written "Pifa" at the head of his manuscript. Nothing could be more pertinent to the situation than this primitive hymn on the Nativity.

(17.) CHO.—Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows! He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

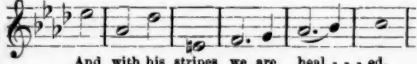
And with his stripes we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.
And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

This prodigiously grand Chorus, in three movements, appears to have been written with greater care than anything else in the work; the greatest, the most dignified advantage is taken of every opportunity for particular expression of the words, while the general character of the whole is in the highest

degree appropriate to the lofty, religious, and powerfully human feeling of the subject, and the musicianly treatment of this nobly poetical conception is, to the last degree, forcible and masterly. The expression of the opening words is broad and massive, but penitential even to pathos; it implies not the shrinking as in shame from the sense of evil, but its solemn acknowledgment, in the solemn humility of faith. "With His stripes we are healed," may be regarded as a doctrinal tenet, and is thus treated ecclesiastically—that is, in the severe school of art originated by the Church, for the purposes of the Church—not in the free style of impulsive expression that later times have developed; but the deep tone of penitence still prevails. I would willingly ignore the technical quibbles upon the words "turned" and "every one to his own way," and would even disregard the truly picturesque, pastoral character that illustrates "All we like sheep," in the consideration of the higher expression that embodies the voluptuous revelry of sin, which is thus fittingly and forcibly brought into contrast with the earnest solemnity of repentance that is most impressively resumed in the rendering of the concluding words.

The opening movement, in F minor, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," is a highly impressive example of choral declamation. The voice-parts and the words are most forcibly brought out by the measured march of the accompaniment, the break in which at the passage, "He was wounded," has a remarkably imposing effect. There is a grand modulation at the words, "He was bruised," and the resumption of the original figure of the accompaniment with another sudden change of key, the bold sequence which begins here, and the beautiful succession of suspensions that leads to the end of the movement, are all most admirable.

The termination of the first movement in the key of A flat is well contrived to give effect to the opening of the following movement in F minor, "And with his stripes," which is the first strict fugue that has occurred since the Overture, and is one of the grandest specimens of the severe style of writing that the art possesses; indeed, a masterpiece of close working and pure counterpoint. It is formed upon the following subject:



which has also been employed for contrapuntal elaboration by Bach, by Haydn, by Mozart, and by Spohr.

The fugue closes upon the dominant, preparatory to the succeeding movement, "All we like sheep," which commences in the key of F major with surprising freshness. It is adapted from another vocal duet, "Altra volta incatenarmi," of the same period as the three already named. This Allegro has great musical excellence, and forms a fitting finale to the superb chain of movements, of which it is to be considered a part, and to which the few concluding bars of Adagio, with the affecting return to F minor on the words, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," most indissolubly links it. This final passage is one of the many striking examples of Handel's extraordinary feeling of propriety with regard to the more frequent repetition of some phrases of words than others; whereas the whole of the Chorus up to this point comprises but a few short sentences frequently repeated, these last words, once energetically given, effect a greater impression than all the rest.

(19.) REC.—Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness; he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

ATR.—Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

REC.—He was cut out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

ATR.—But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

The next four movements were all written for a tenor voice, and evidently intended as a connected series to constitute a complete whole; but by one of the many vagaries that custom has played with this Oratorio, the last Recitative and the concluding Andante are always assigned to a soprano singer in performance, the first two movements being allotted to the voice for which they were composed. I cannot but think the change injures the effect of continuity and connection that evidently was designed, and makes, instead of one whole, two fragments. Certainly each of the portions of this song has a beauty in itself; but the great merit of conception, the completeness, is lost, by thus dividing it between two performers.

The opening Recitative is a beautiful rendering of the words, so deeply pathetic and full of passionate intensity as cannot but touch all hearers; and this is conveyed in a series of chromatic modulations that anticipates the utmost development of the science of harmony in modern times, and proves how it is the province of genius to overleap the circumscriptions of the art in which it is exercised, and grasp the essentials of the beautiful, how remote soever these may be beyond the attainment of theoretical research. No one but Mozart has ever equalled our composer in the composition of impassioned Recitative; even Mozart could not surpass him, and the present is one of the most successful specimens of this form of writing, in which one such success shows the heart of the author to have been sensitive as his power seems to have been boundless.

The next exquisite fragment is, no more than the Recitative which introduces it, to be praised in words; its eulogium is in the sympathy of those who hear it, and none can hear it and be insensible to the feelings it embodies. I have called this movement a fragment because it ends with a dominant cadence, not with a full close, and is thus linked to the succeeding Recitative.

The intensely poignant expression that characterizes the setting of the first two divisions of the text is gradually modified in the ensuing Recitative, and the softness of the major key, to which a natural course of modulation gradually leads, beautifully illustrates the change of sentiment.—His heart is broken.—He is full of heaviness.—He found no man to have pity on him.—There is no sorrow like unto His sorrow;—but, all this He endured as the Redeemer of mankind,—for our transgression was He stricken; and thus is the tale of pathos an augury of hope, and so has Handel read,—so rendered it.

The concluding movement of this series, "But Thou didst not leave," is one of those delicious melodies that belong not to age nor style, the beauty of which at a century since its production seems new and fresh; beauty which is to be traced in the music of all those who have found their way to the very depths of the human heart; beauty which proves the consanguinity of genius in all schools; beauty which belongs alike to every period. The hopeful, the benign feeling embodied in this Andante has the charm of leading our aspirations from the pangs of earth and of earth's affliction to the blessings of that home which the Redeemer's endurance has purchased for us.

(29.) CHO.—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ: and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

No one can ever have heard this great production of genius adequately executed without feeling himself elated to the loftiest condition of intellectual excitement of which his being is susceptible, such is the overwhelming influence of its broad, massive, majestic and glorious effect; and (as with all great effects in art) this effect will bear the closest analysis in the closet, and there no less astonishes the schoolman with its masterly contrivance than in public performance it delights the uninitiated with the result of all the elaborate skill and learning that have been brought to bear in its composition. The opening is a dazzling blaze of splendor; the union of all the voices upon the words, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," is most grand and dignified, especially from the strong relief it forms to the previous and alternate passages of full harmony on the repetitions of the "Hallelujah!" We must then admire the new and fine effect of the working these two subjects together. Now comes a piece of repose that is perfectly heavenly, the beautiful passage on the words, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord;" there is much judgment in the introduction of these few bars, which, from the exquisite calm that pervades them, give a great additional force to the rest of the movement; we have, then, the fine and closely-worked fugal point, "And He shall reign for ever," and this leads to the superb ascending sequence, "King of kings and Lord of lords," the breaking off of which, by all the voices and instruments coming together in simple counterpoint is the most startling effect in the "Messiah;" and, finally, the winding up of the coda completes what all critics have pronounced, and the whole world acknowledged, to be the finest emanation of Handel's genius.

(32.) REC.—Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

ATR.—The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

This Recitative is a broad piece of declamation;

but the Air which it introduces I cannot—with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses me—I cannot—after the most careful study of the piece I am presuming to censure—I cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. The text appears to me to be suggestive as any in the Oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius. What a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again!—tearing the, till then, impenetrable curtain from eternity, it discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Deity, the last sense new created, and merges was, and is, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and true; and how particularly does it strike us, firstly, that such an image, even one so superhuman, was quite within the province, and possibly within the power, of the composer of the *Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment I feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of music to this passage; and I cannot but feel, and feeling cannot but regret, that the trivial—for so, compared to the theme, we must regard it,—the trivial song under notice, and the trifling conventionalities of the common-place trumpet accompaniment, must wholly disappoint all those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, of what they have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a solo player, and the thrilling annunciation of the destiny of all mortality rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressional bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, that it is so, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its perfect propriety.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 26, 1857.

CONCERTS.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The second Concert, last Saturday evening, was even better and more fully attended than the first. Indeed, the Melodeon seemed to have no room to spare. The uncommonly rich programme, published in our last, was fulfilled in each particular, and generally in the most satisfactory manner. Encores were called, as usual, after almost every piece, but were wisely declined, except in one or two instances. The features of most intrinsic interest, as well as novelty, were the Chorus from the Greek tragedies, composed by Mendelssohn. We know no finer compositions for men's voices. Certainly our German Clubs have sung no other comparable to them. The ordinary *part-song* is a much smaller, humbler affair—simply, as its name denotes, a *song*, harmonized in four parts. But these Greek choruses are themes worked up, for single and double choir, with as much art and completeness, only not in the fugue form, (for the Fugue is Gothic, Christian, and not Greek), as the choruses in great oratorios. The poetic text demanded no less. Of course the problem with Mendelssohn was not and could not be to compose music that should be Greek; what was practicable, was to wed the noble words to music equally noble and expressive. A dignified, highly learned, as well as sympathetically poetic style was indispensable; and in these special choruses at least Mendelssohn has answered these requirements as happily and nobly as in any of his best

works that are better known. They should have been heard with orchestra, of course, to have their full effect; but the elaborate accompaniments were made to yield the *gist* of their meaning by the fine piano-playing of OTTO DRESEL assisted by Mr. LEONHARD. They would have derived more impressiveness, too, from a larger choir; and above all, from the theatrical completeness with which they were brought out, according to the original design, in Germany. Then the entire Greek tragedy was acted on the stage, with all its *paradoi* and *episodions*, and choreographical manoeuvres, circlings, and crossings of the chorus, &c. In short, the attempt was made, with all the means of the King of Prussia, and the classical lore of German Greek professors, to reproduce as closely as possible the whole machinery and method of the old Greek stage. Only music, which the Greeks had not, for which their rude chant had to suffice, was here for the first time by modern Art supplied. The detached specimens we heard on Saturday, and as we heard them, were highly interesting and impressive. Even on the general audience they seemed to tell with great force; and we may truly say, that they were beautifully sung, and will be remembered as about the best performances the Orpheus have given us,—as a standard of excellence which they have now set for themselves, and which they must never be content to fall below.

We suppose the "Bacchus" Chorus pleased the greater number by its fiery fortissimo. We were most interested in the chorus from the *Edipus Coloneus*. It is where the chorus (of old Athenians) welcome the blind, old, wandering king, led by his daughter Antigone, to Attica. A plain word-for-word version, such as we find in Bohn's Library, gives a better notion of the words than the rhymed paraphrase that was printed in the programme. Here it is:

Strophe.—Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus; where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green dells, tenanted the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden, teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun, and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus, the reveler, ever roams attending his divine nurses.

Antistrophe.—And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts of Cephissus that wander through the fields fail, but ever each day it rushes o'er the plains with its limpid wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the muses loathed this elime: nor Venus, too, of the golden rein.

Strophe.—And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the pale gray olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, bring to nought; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva.

Antistrophe.—And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vault, that she is the great of chivalry, renowned for the steed and famous on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-rowed boat dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvellously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed daughters of Nereus.

After a few bars of bright and quickening prelude, one choir commences in unison the first strophe—a beautiful theme, that breathes the

peace and stillness of the place (the sacred grove of the Eumenides) falling on the weary spirit of the exile—all in unison, until the full-chord burst on the high climax note in the last line. Again the bright phrase of the instruments (but with a difference), and the opposite choir takes up the same strain (lovely enough to be repeated) to the words of the antistrophe, while the accompaniment, before limited to plain chords, melts into soft and liquid divisions at the mention of the dew-besprent narcissus and Cephissus' stream. Then the accompaniment sets out in hurried triplets, the music grows excited, and the first choir sings, in harmony, a higher and a bolder strain, about that wondrous tree, the olive, glory of Athens, swelled at length by entrance of the other choir to eight-part harmony. This strain, too, is echoed by the second choir, hymning that "other praise"; the enthusiasm mounts higher and higher, till it reaches its climax in the address to Neptune, where both choirs unite in a fortissimo, with full force of the instruments, and the first tenors soar to high B flat, as if unconsciously borne up above themselves. The descent from this high pitch of exaltation is exquisitely managed by a sustained monotone of the voices through four long measures (on the dominant), whence they slowly drop to the octave, holding the note while the instruments ascend and trill into the key-note, finishing the whole into perfection of symmetry with a modification of the bright figure of the prelude.

Two choruses were sung from the *Antigone*, instead of one as in the programme. The Bacchus Chorus was preceded by another (unannounced, and so misleading many) to these words:

Strophe.—Many are the mighty things, and nought is more mighty than man. He even sails beyond the sea, when whitened into foam with the wintry south wind's blasts, passing amid the billows that roar around; and the supreme of divinities immortal, undecaying Earth, he furrows, his plows circling from year to year, turning up her soil with the offspring of the steed.

Antistrophe.—And ensnaring the brood of light-minded birds, he bears them away as his prey, and the tribes of the monsters of the wild, and the marine race of the deep in the inwoven meshes of his nets, he, all inventive man; and he masters by his devices the tenant of the fields, the mountain-ranging beast, and he will bring under the neck-encircling yoke, the shaggy-maned horse, and the untameable mountain bull.

Strophe.—And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom, and the customs of civic law, and to avoid the cold and stormy arrows of uncomfortable frosts. With plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future. Of the grave alone he shall not introduce escape; but yet he hath devised remedies against baffling disease. Having beyond belief a certain inventive skill of art, he at one time advances to evil and at another time to good. Observing the laws of the land, and the plighted justice of heaven, he is high in the state; but an outcast from the state is he, with whomsoever that which is not honorable resides by reason of audacity; neither may he dwell with me, nor have sentiments like mine, who acts thus.

The music to this is a sweet, tranquil, pensive *Andante con moto* in 6-8 measure; the voices for the most part in unison, the accompaniment in rich, smoothly-progressing harmony,—more figurative at the thought of the birds, &c., in the antistrophe—until the second strophe: "He hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom," where the strain becomes *pù mosso* and the voices part into harmony; strangely dark and thrilling is the modulation of the instruments at the thought of death! The same strain is worked up to the end with double chorus.

The Bacchus Chorus—fit conclusion to the

concert—is more in the vein of the Wedding March, full of pomp and splendor, double chorus from the first, in full chords, in the triumphal key of D major, waxing ever stronger and louder, and whirling itself away one rapid blaze of many-voiced and brazen harmony. It is quite Bacchalian and Moenadic, and stirs the blood in the true temper of the fine last lines of the words:

Strophe.—O thou, who art hailed by many a name, glory of the Theban nymph, and son of deeply-thundering Jove, who swayest renowned India, and president o'er the rites of Ceres, in the vales of Eleusis, open to all! O Bacchus, who dwellest in Thebe, the mother city of the Bacchanals, by the flowing streams of Ismenus, and the fields where the teeth of the fell dragon were sown.

Antistrophe.—Thee, the smoke beheld as it burst into flame above the double-crested rock, where roam the Corycian nymphs, the votaries of Bacchus, and the fount of Castalia flows; and thee the ivy-crowned steep of the Nysian mountains, and the green shore, with its many clusters, triumphant send along, amid immortal words, that hymn thy "Evoc."

Strophe.—To reign the guardian of the streets of Thebe, whom you honor highest of all cities, with your mother that perished by the thunder. And now, since the city with all its people is enthralled by a violent disease, come with healing steps, over the slopes of Parnassus, or the resounding gulf of the sea.

Antistrophe.—O leader of the choir of flame-breathing stars, director of the voices that sound by night, youthful god, son of Jove, reveal thyself along with thy ministering Moenads, the Naxian maids, who maddening through the live-long night, celebrate thee with the dance, thee their lord Iacchus.

These choruses were not the only interesting novelty of the concert. A very dramatic and impassioned Terzetto by Beethoven, one of his last works, for soprano, tenor, and bass, to Italian words: *Tremate, empì!* &c.,—very Mozart-like in style at first, but unmistakably Beethoven before you get through, and wrought up with great wealth of accompaniment (it is intended for orchestra)—was effectively sung by Miss DOANE and Messrs. KREISSMANN and LANGERFELDT, especially an Adagio solo by the lady. The part-songs were four, three of them of a sentimental character, but of much beauty, especially that Serenade by Marschner to words by an old Minnesinger. Uhland's "Student's Departure": "*Was klinget und singet die Strasse hinauf?*" &c., music by Otto, was a little too pathetic. "She is mine," by Haertel, made quite an agreeable impression. The rich, cool, solemn harmonies of the *Wanderer's Nachtlied*, by Lenz, were good to hear again.

Miss DOANE'S selections were admirable and beautifully sung. We could wish however of the *portamento* in such pure perfection of melody as Mozart's *Deh vieni, non tardar*; we shall never forget the perfectly sustained and even style in which it was given by Jenny Lind. Yet this time it was sung very sweetly. Mendelssohn's "Zuleeka" and Schubert's exquisite "Barcarole," were as fine as one could wish, both in respect of singing and most delicate accompaniment.

Three fine songs by Robert Franz: viz. "Waldfahrt," "Im Walde," and *Er ist gekommen*, were sung with good expression by Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Mr. Dresel of course accompanying. Too much tendency to explosive emphasis seems a fault of this otherwise agreeable tenor, as it is somewhat of the singing of the club generally.

Mr. SATTER'S piano-forte selections were hardly worthy of the concert or the artist. The two numbers from Rubenstein's *Album de Portraits* seemed to us aimless, uninspired, empty, especially the first, whose promising introduction was

only followed by a commonplace and tedious sort of Nocturne. Mr. Satter's own March, and *Scherzo Fantastique*, were brilliant concert pieces, well displaying the man's marvellous execution. Indeed, execution is child's play to him, and therein lies his great temptation as an artist, — a tendency to riot in incontinent excess of brilliant extravaganza. He showed a higher and a purer art, when he was recalled, in the perfection of his playing of that exquisite little gem of a Minuet and Trio from Mozart's E flat Symphony. Nothing could have been in more refreshing and instructive contrast with what had preceded; here was indeed a composition, a symmetrical, complete, vital whole; and all the audience felt it. Here every note seemed to follow by an inward necessity, as if the thing *could* not have been written otherwise, as if it grew like a flower. But the Rubinstein pieces were but strainings after originality and sentiment, by sheer force of volition, and might have been made so or so with equal reason; for it was the ambition to write something, and not any real sentiment or inspiration that produced them.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The audience at the second concert was somewhat thinned, both by bad weather and by Mr. Everett's address that evening in the Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
1—Quartet, No. 6, in B flat, op. 18, Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio and Allegro.
2—Song: "The Wanderer," Schubert
Mr. P. H. Powers.
3—Quintet, in C minor, op. 63, (for Piano and Quartet) Spohr
Allegro—Larghetto con moto—Scherzo.
Messrs. Hamann, Fries, Krebs and Meisel.
PART II.
4—Quartet, No. 2, in D minor, Mozart
Moderato—Andante—Minuetto—Andante con variazioni.
5—Serenade from "Don Giovanni," Mozart
Mr. P. H. Powers.
6—Andante and Finale from the Quartet in C, op. 17, No. 3.
Rubinstein

This was by no means so rare a selection as the last. The two Quartets are among the most admirable of their kind and ever welcome; but they are also two of the most familiar to Boston ears, and did not help therefore to extend our acquaintance with their authors. A repetition of that later quartet of Beethoven, as soon as possible after the first wondering and ignorant impression, would have been wise. Still it is a delight to listen, were it for the hundredth time, to the old No. 6 of Beethoven's first set. How full of fresh young life and buoyancy it is! With what a triumphant sense of health and power springs forth the first theme of the Allegro! Yet a strange wayward passionateness and unrest breaks out here and there; the Adagio is full of heavenly tenderness, now and then mysteriously clouded; while the Adagio *Malinconia*, introducing the reckless frolic of the finale, is an anticipation of Beethoven's latest and most inward brooding period.

Mr. HAMANN showed a good deal of execution, and modest, musician-like earnestness in his playing of Spohr's Quintet; but there was some dragging, and a clumsiness of touch, owing doubtless in great part to the unwonted instrument. The composition, saving some of its brilliant show-passages, we found dull. After it what a life-like, pure emanation of genius, born as it were whole in one happy moment of inspiration, was that Quartet by Mozart! There every phrase, every note tingled with the one pervading, clear and certain meaning. It was all beautiful, all vital, all interesting; it really had something to say, and said it perfectly. — The two movements of the Rubinstein Quartet interested us more than anything else that we have heard by that author; especially the Finale, which has ideas, worked up with a peculiar richness.

Mr. POWERS has a remarkably rich and ponderous bass voice, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer" in quite good style, though coldly. His *Don Giovanni* Serenade lacked grace and elasticity. He bids fair to become one of the best basses in our city.

CHRISTMAS! Surely no reader needs reminder or inducement to attend the performance of Handel's Oratorio "Messiah," at the Music Hall this evening. Christmas week were not complete without it. We shall not have fully heard the angels' song of Peace and Good Will to Man, renewing itself for ever, until we have called in this truest, highest ministry of Art, and listened to its strains made audible and real by the divine inspiration as it were of a genius like Handel's. And the whole soul will be much more open to that music, when we feel that we are at the same time doing something towards the fulfilment of the promise, as well as of the design of the composer. The concert is for charity. You shall listen and be giving to the poor, and the charity will be wisely and faithfully administered through the tried and admirable organization of the Boston Provident Association.

It certainly is pleasant, and it chimes well with the chimes of Christmas, to see Music working all around us in the cause of Charity. We hear of a charming amateur concert for that end given this week in Cambridge, and of amateur singing of most rare excellence. There were piano pieces, fine vocal trios from Rossini, Mozart, &c., and a tasteful selection of songs, among which several by our townsman Mr. BOOTT, which, we are glad to learn, gave general pleasure. In Salem, too, a concert, partly amateur, has been given under the direction of Mr. FENELLOSA. There were 700 persons present. The programme included a Mass, a Quartet by Bishop, Beethoven's Sonata in F for violin and piano, the Quartet: *Mi manca la voce*, and Beethoven's *Ad-laida*, sung by an amateur gentleman with fine effect.

Mr. SATTER's concert at Cambridge will be next Tuesday night. He will play among other things the Minuet by Mozart, a piece by Chopin, and the *Tannhäuser* overture, which, as we have heard him play it, is about as wonderful a feat of piano-forte execution as we can well imagine; he makes it sound like a whole orchestra.

The "Orpheus Club" will visit Framingham and give a concert during the present moon.... Mr. Ullmann, it appears, has engaged MUSARD, the celebrated conductor of promenade concerts in Paris, to come to this country in February, with ten of his best soloists.

Messrs. Whipple & Black have made some admirable photographic copies of Gambadella's portrait of the late Rev. Dr. CHANNING. Strange to say, the photograph is even more true and life-like than the painting. As we recall the face of Channing, this is by far the most perfect representation of it that exists, and this we know to be the feeling also of the immediate members of his family.

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The performance will commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

L. B. BARNES, SECRETARY.

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Will be given at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SUNDAY EVENING, Jan. 31, 1858, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian under the direction of Mr. A. WEINER.

Tickets 25 cents. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

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Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested.... SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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